

legalizing my imprisonment.

Ten days passed, full of anxiety and contradictory thoughts. My iron door opened again and I heard the infernal call, "*Dapros*."

I am in my interrogator's office, sitting on the seat of the accused. Ghazaryan very ceremoniously opens the file and with an officious poise begins to read the indictment. "Why now?" I protest. "Shouldn't this bill of indictment have been presented to me at the beginning and not after six months of interrogation?" But inside I am somehow content. The indictment is proof that the Cheka has acknowledged my incarceration. I am no longer "stolen goods."

About the content of my indictment, I should say that it incorporated all the issues brought up during the interrogations, and that my answers and explanations had no role in it or effect on it. After the presentation of the official indictment, however, the interrogations continued for another few months. They asked the same questions and I gave the same answers. That was the official interrogation at the end of which I signed the official indictment papers. The Russian version was attached to the Armenian text.

The next step should have been a trial. I waited a long time, but there was no news of a possible trial. I was becoming impatient and nervous. My only pastime was the reading material they gave me, mostly old books that I devoured anyway. One night, during a now rare session with Ghazaryan, I asked him why my trial was being delayed for so long. I was surprised to hear that my